The Saga of Spyro - Soul of Flame
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Category: Spyro the Dragon + Gregory Horror Show Crossover

Summary: After a long hunt with no kill, a wandering soul stumbles across an old manor deep in the forest. Unlike most souls that arrived before it, this one is far more than a mere mortal man. When the soul of the mighty Jendovahzoor ends up taking residence in Gregory House, the question of who will break becomes a little more...undecided. Based on both Soul Collector and Volume Series.

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Chapter 1: Signing In

This hotel is a place of evil.

Lurking on that fine ledge between reality and insanity. Between the living world and the world of the dead. A place that many wayward souls have lost themselves to over the years. Those who find themselves here do so trying to escape the harsh burdens of the bleakness of their reality; a time when they are at their most vulnerable, not in terms of body, but of mind. And of soul. Easy prey for the likes of this cursed hotel.

But what happens when a soul happy with reality finds its way to this nightmare hotel? When ambition, confidence, determination, and a very primal rage come together into a driving force that not even the most horrific of things can break?

When one of the likes of the newest 'guest' makes their way into this world, and rises to challenge the darkness of this world?

Let's find out.

Night 1 – Signing In

He didn't recognize this part of the forest.

In fact, he wasn't even sure if this was part of the forest he knew at all.

In the dark of the night, he slinked down the path, pausing every now and then to observe his surroundings; the grass was long and wet, almost like reeds in a swamp, while the trees were so tightly packed together that the canopy completely blocked out any light from above, to the point you couldn't tell if it was day or night. A heavy fog lingered in the air, reducing normal visibility to almost nothing, and a thick moisture clung to

everything within it. And in the distance, the ominous sounds of insects singing in the night and crows cawing in the branches filled the air.

Any soul found wandering in this place, lost from the main path and unsure of where they are, would certainly be consumed by fear.

But he was not just any soul. And he didn't feel any fear in his current situation.

Only frustration.

He was so large that he had to push himself through the forest, the trees bending and swaying as he passed them. The end of his long, heavy tail swished from side to side behind him as he walked, while his wings remained folded against his sides. Long spines and mighty horns scraped the branches above his back and head, tearing off entire clumps of leaves. All the while a pair of fiery gold and purple eyes shone through the dark, like twin stars lighting up the night sky. He paused to look around, a deep, guttural growl rumbling from his throat and scaring the nearby crows into the air.

He paid them no mind and continued on his path…or what he thought was his path.

Things were a little hazy in his mind, which only made his anger at his situation grow. He was returning home from a hunt with no kill, and thus was already in a foul mood when he reached this place. Getting lost on the way back just made things even worse.

He was fit to burn down this entire forest if things didn't start looking up.

Fortunately for him (and for the forest), the telltale light of glowing torches alerted him in the distance, beyond the trees. Huffing with approval, the great beast slunk forward through the trees and stepped out into a clearing. It was a graveyard, tombstones decorating the landscape, and beyond the graves was the source of light he was seeking: It was a large manor, two stories high and simple in shape, with the words 'GREGORY HOUSE'

engraved above the main doorway, as well as twin candles that burned on either side of the door.

He frowned; what on earth was such a building like this doing all the way out here, in this part of Feywild?

…if this even was Feywild anymore.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

Well, that was strange.

It had been a long time since Gregory had heard someone knock on the front door to be let into the house; normally when guests arrived, they entered the lobby of the hotel without waiting, usually to get out of the darkness outside. This new guest must be the polite sort…perhaps too polite for their own good, the old rat thought with a dark chuckle.

Though whoever was knocking must've also had large hands, given how heavy the blows sounded.

"Be with you in a moment!" Gregory called as he picked up his candle and made his way to the front doors, opening them to greet his newest guest/victim. "Would you like a roo-D'EH?!"

Only to be scared silly by the absolute monster of a creature that towered over the very house itself.

Said monster was a massive saurian that had six limbs in total: four legs and a pair of wings, the latter protruding from his shoulders. His hind-legs were saurian in nature, complete with a digitigrade ankle structure and four-toed bird-like feet, while his forelegs were outright primate in build, complete with five-fingered hands with one being an opposable thumb; both fingers and toes were tipped with sharp, curved claws, obviously used for slashing prey. The dinosaur-like tail was incredibly long, twice the length as the rest of him, while his wings were large and bat-like, with four long fingers lined with a fiery-orange skin membrane and a single clawed thumb on each of

the wing's 'hands'. His underbelly was lined with overlapping gold-colored scale-plating from chin to tail-blade, while the entire length of his spine was covered in hundreds of long dorsal spines that looked sharp enough to pierce through metal, the longest lining the back between his wing-shoulders and the thickened end of his tail, turning the latter into a deadly weapon. His neck was long and snake-like, yet thick and strong to support his head, which was more like a prehistoric dragon's than a traditional dragon's in appearance: outright saurian in structure, with a therapod-like snout and jaws, forward-facing eyes, bony eyebrow-ridges, a pair of backward-facing horns that curved upward in an S-shape from the back of his head, under which several smaller horns and chin spikes lined the back of his head and jaws. His eyes glowed with a fiery light in the dark, blazing pools of bright gold and magenta-purple with snake-like slit pupils.

Those fiery gold and purple eyes glared down upon the shaking rat with a fierce intensity, the head cocking a little to the side in a curious stare.

So, mother and the others weren't the only rodentkin to settle in Feywild's borders.

Spyro didn't imagine the Council would be too happy to learn this.

The rat that stood in front of him, staring up at him with wide, misaligned eyes of terror, was an elderly creature, with long shaggy hair that was a pale grey-blonde in color and a crooked tail that bent at several points. He wore a salmon-pink colored jacket over a red and green striped shirt and black khaki pants. The candle in his hand was shaking with a light chatter, the flame shivering back and forth.

"Are you the landlord of this tavern?" the dragon asked, his telepathic voice thundering through the trees.

The rat didn't answer at first; all that came out of his shaking form was a jabbering of nonsensical sounds, trying desperately to find something to say that would spare him the wrath of the massive beast before him.

Spyro gave a guttural reptilian huff of a sigh, rolling his eyes in annoyance. ***"I suppose one so far away from Rosebush City wouldn't had received word of my glory yet."*** He muttered aloud, though more to himself than to the frightened Rodentkin. ***"Give me a moment."***

The dragon then took several steps backwards, summoning the power within his body until he was completely engulfed in a roaring flurry of purple-and-orange flames; said flames appeared to coil their tongues around his saurian form, as if he was being wrapped up tightly in large blankets, as if to squeeze him tight...which they appeared to do, his form growing ever smaller, all the while his sheer, overwhelming aura of his draconian presence began to drain from the very world around him.

By the time the flames dispelled, he had transformed completely: the giant beast that was as large as the king of the dinosaurs was now no bigger than a wolf, landing gracefully on his paws with barely a thud. The flames around him burst into a flurry and dissipated into the wind, revealing his form changed significantly: it was as if he had turned into a smaller, smoother, and less-intimidating version of his previous form, with larger eyes, smoother scales, an outright-pleasant face, a frill of yellow on his head, a golden tail blade at the end of his tail, and so forth; he looked outright like a small, almost-cartoony version of his true self. What was also gone was the sheer presence of draconian power that had previously engulfed the entire area, all of it subdued and hidden away this tiny new form, leaving no one the wiser.

He turned back to the rat, whose fear had slowly drained out of him as the dragon had shrunk, replaced instead with fascinated awe.

"I trust you find me a little less overwhelming now?" he asked, this time in an actual, physical voice.

"Oh! Y-Yes, of course!" The rat stammered, recollecting himself at impressive speed. "Please forgive me, sir; we've never had a *dragon* visit Gregory House before."

"Ah, so this *is* a tavern." Spyro commented, glancing up at the building that now towered over him…rather ominously, too. "And I take it you're

Gregory."

"My, you *are* a clever one. Hmm hmm hmm hmm…" He chuckled in a way that left the dragon feeling a little on edge by how sinister it sounded. "Yes, I'm Gregory, proprietor of this fine establishment." He gave the dragon a look over. "And what might your name be, my friend?"

"…Spyro."

"A rather short name for one of your kind, I would say." Gregory commented, before stepping backwards and beckoning Spyro in. "Oh, where are my manners? Do come in before we both catch our death of cold out here; the Gregory House is always open to weary travelers like yourself."

Spyro gave a guttural sigh of relief and followed the rat rodentkin inside. "Thank you."

The lobby of Gregory House spanned two floors. The north side of the room had a set of two stairs which took you up to the first floor, as well as a large door to the Dining Room. The east side had the Manager's Office, a door which leads you to the western hallway, and the front desk where Gregory made his way over to sign the new guest in. To the west side of the room was the Gregory Horror Shop door and the door to the western hallway. The central part had a seating area with two sofas and a table in the middle.

Spyro observed the room briefly before making his way to the front desk. "How much for one night?"

"Oh, we can work that out in the morning, my friend." Gregory assured him with a wave of his hand, writing in Spyro's name with another. "For now, let's get you to your room so you can get some rest. Hmm hmm hmm hmm…" He picked up a candle in one hand and a large ring of keys in the other. "I'll show you to your room. Right this way."

The dragon's eyes narrowed a little in suspicion, but he didn't say anything otherwise.

The old mouse shuffled down the hall, dim candlelight in hand, with the young dragon following closely behind until they reached their destination.

"Here you are. This will be your room." Gregory announced, stopping at a door with the golden numbers 101 above a placard with the words 'Guest Room' on it. With a heavy click, the door was unlocked and then it creaked open; grinning, the old mouse stepped aside and motioned for him to enter. "I trust you'll find it to your liking."

Much to Spyro's surprise, the room itself was actually quite nice. Along the south wall was a large, comfortable-looking bed, while along the north wall was a bookshelf with a cabinet beneath it, a coffee table with a vase on it, and a reading desk where a single candle cast a warm light throughout it. There was a bordered-up window on the wall across from the door.

"It's nice." Spyro commented as he stepped inside.

Gregory chuckled his creepy laugh again. "Glad to hear it." He said with an eerie smile. "Now, if you need anything or have any concerns, don't be afraid to ask the front desk. I do hope you'll enjoy your stay." And with that Gregory closed the door, leaving the dragon to settle in…but not before his keen dragon hearing picked up one last word.

"Forever."

Yeah, he suspected as much.

This whole place. This 'Gregory House' reeked of dark magic, ancient and ominous. It was no coincidence that he managed to find it when he was most lost, nor was it a coincidence that they offered their rooms for free. This place was a trap, designed to feed on the lost and the weary. The poor, unfortunate souls that came wandering through its doors might as well be wandering into the jaws of a mighty beast waiting to devour them whole… and he was already deep inside its gullet.

Spyro gave a reptilian gurgle of a sigh as he hopped up onto the bed; the springs creaked under his weight as he settled himself down onto of the

mattress and closed his eyes, though it would be a while before sleep would finally catch up with him.

But, after said while, sleep did eventually find the young dragon, and he drifted off to the depths of a dream…

Spyro was stirred from slumber by the distant sound of a soft and airy bell dinging.

He tried to roll away from the noise, to go back to the peace of his sleep, but found himself unable to move; as if his body had grown incredibly heavy overnight. He opened his eyes, hoping to see what was going on, only to find himself floating in a black, swirling tunnel of shadows that led into a dark abyss, where strange orbs of glowing lights floated about. There was quiet that threatened to linger endlessly. All directions had been suspended and all that remained was gaping blackness.

And for the first time in many years, he felt a sense of panic beginning to grow within him; growing alongside his far-more familiar anger.

"C'mon now! Throw away all dem worries! Fo'get 'bout 'em!"

Spyro looked up at the sound of that new voice, one with a heavy accent of some kind; he couldn't tell what kind, but it sounded somewhat familiar. He looked around himself trying to find the source of it, only for a distant speck of light to shine at the end of the tunnel.

And from this speck, he emerged: a peculiar little creature, no bigger than Gregory, that resembled a human skeleton dressed in a flowing black robe held together by golden buttons, who was carrying a gleaming scythe in both hands. It had a human skull for a head, wearing blue hat with a yellow cross and messy grey hair sticking out from underneath.

"So, you're da big 'Jendovahzoor' that's been causin' all that fuss in da livin' world, eh?" the little reaper (that's what Spyro was going to call him, for that's what he looked like) asked.

"I am." Spyro answered with his telepathic voice, since his physical one was currently unusable.

"Good. That means I got da right guy for da job." The little reaper commented. "The name's Death. Pleased to meet'cha, bud."

Spyro would've cocked his head in confusion had he been able to. ***"You truly are a Grim Reaper, then?"*** He asked, before another, more troubling question came to mind. ***"…I'm not dead, am I?"***

"*You're* not." 'Death' assured him. "But there are a few people that are. People that now need yer help. Alright, everyone, line up! One at a time!" As he said this, all the orbs that were aimlessly floating around the void suddenly sprang to life and approached the little reaper, forming a line towards him. "See, my job is removin' lost souls from da livin' world, so that dey can find peace in da afterlife and what not."

With a grunt, the skeleton raised his scythe over his head and then brought it down, cutting through the first ball of light in line. There was a flash of light, followed by a relieved ghostly sigh, and the orb disappeared into a shining sparkle that floated upwards and away, off towards what Spyro assumed would be heaven.

"That hotel you're currently stayin' in is full of lost souls trapped by that old rat and his family, unable to leave da livin' world." Death explained, motioning for the next orb to approach him. "That's why I helped ya find it, otherwise you never would've made it to da Hotel on yer own."

"So, you're the reason I'm at this 'Gregory House'?" Spyro asked, not angry but now genuinely curious.

"Aye. That place's full of lost souls trapped by dark magic. Trapped fer a very long time, and what needs to be removed right away!" Death continued to explain as he worked, slicing through more lost souls with his scythe. "What I needs you ta do is to go through da hotel, doin' what you do best, and free them from that old mousetrap so dey'se can move on proper."

Spyro did sympathize with those souls trapped in that dark place; victims of the hotel's predatory nature, to which he himself could potentially fall to if he wasn't careful. The whole building reeked of dark magic and evil intention, preying upon those who had lost their will to endure reality and wandered the earth. If they weren't saved, who knows what their ultimate fate could be; being trapped in the building for all eternity was perhaps the better outcome compared to the alternatives. Who knows what Gregory did with the souls he successfully trapped…

"How many souls do you need me to save?" He asked.

"Twelve." Death answered simply, not taking his 'eyes' off his work. "That's how many souls are at a point of savin' right now."

"Is there anything I need to beware of?"

"That hotel is full of danger and what not. Most of da residents will try ta hurt ya in some way or another, but it's nothing that da likes of you can't handle. Though I'd be careful just in case if I was you." The little reaper said as he slashed the last soul in line, turning back to the dragon afterwards. "Heck, I'll make ya a deal: you get all twelve souls, and I'll owe you'se a favor down the road. Deal?"

Finally able to move, the dragon simply nodded yes.

"Great! Thanks a lot, buddy! This is gonna help us big time!" Death said happily, even as he began to fade back into the void. "Now, whenever you'se get a soul or two, just come and visit me in yer dreams." The little bell rang once more as he disappeared completely, calling out one last time. "Good luck there, buddy!"

Spyro was stirred from his slumber by a knock on the door. His eyes opened slowly, his secondary eyelids blinking the blurriness from his vision as a reptilian hiss escaped his jaws. It was good to be able to move again, his fingers and toes instinctively curling open and closed to test their mobility. He then got up, sliding off the bed before stretching his body out like a dog

does when they get up from a nap, complete with a wide-mouth yawn that showed off all of his sharp teeth.

"You may enter." He then told whoever was at the door.

The door opened with a loud creaking noise to reveal Gregory, holding a tray with a bowl on it.

"I imagine you might be hungry from your journey, so I had the chef prepare you a midnight snack." The old rat said as he came into the room, pushing the vase on the table to the side and placing the tray down in its place. The contents of the bowl were a rather vicious-looking red stew, bubbling slowly like a witch's cauldron. It almost looked like a bowl of boiling blood. The smell was also a peculiar one, and the meat he did not recognize; the flesh of the meat chunks was red and pink, and covered in a hairless skin.

Spyro's stomach grumbled in anticipation. Despite the odd qualities of the stew, it smelled delicious. He had failed his last hunt, and thus had to return home hungry, so the offer of a warm meal was a pleasant surprise. Forgoing the spoon entirely, Spyro sat down on the floor in front of the table and picked up the bowl with both hands, much to Gregory's surprise; the soup was still hot enough to be boiling, after all.

The dragon gave a small lick of the stew's surface, just to taste it, only to be rewarded with an explosion of flavor against his tongue. The fully-meat stew was absolutely delicious, and he drank greedily from the bowl, shocking the old rat even further.

"Uhm…I-I trust the dish is to your liking, then?" He asked uncertainly, bewildered by what he just witnessed.

"It's divine." Spyro commented, pausing his meal to give his compliments to it. "Though I don't recognize the taste of the meat. Is it pig?"

"Oh, that's a house secret." Gregory informed him, recovering his original cheerfulness. "A true chef likes to keep his recipes secret, after all…Though I must say, it's good to see a guest actually eat for once. Why, just last week

we had a guest who insulted the chef's cooking right to his face. Refused to take a bite. I remember him well because of his beautiful gold fillings. It's strange: we haven't seen him since that night. Hmm hmm hmm hmm…" He gave that sinister-sounding chuckle again.

That's when Spyro sensed another presence, just outside the door behind the old rat, and he looked up to be a pair of glowing red eyes staring at him from the darkness.

"Oh! Why hello, Hell Chef." Gregory stated, taking a step back to allow him to be more visible.

With another loud creak, the door was shoved open, and the figure revealed more of itself as it slowly walked in. It was dressed in white, with a red sash tied over its shoulders and a red apron around its waist. Its face was obscured and shadowy with the collar of its shirt covering the bottom half of its face and some dirty blond hair stuck out from under the sides of the tall, white hat it wore. There was a large candle wick sticking out the top, burning brightly, but, as the top of the hat seemed to melt like a candle, it became apparent that the figure's entire body, clothes, and all, had a waxy texture. In its hand, it held an enormous knife almost as big as itself.

It was then Spyro noticed something else; a small, blue orb of flame that hovered around the candle creature like a moth circling a light. The very flames of this orb looked weary and weak, flickering faintly as they burned. He realized then and there that it was one of the souls that Death had asked him to find.

With a raspy, threatening voice of a man, the creature growled. "What's going on?"

"Are you the one who cooked this stew?" Spyro asked before Gregory could say anything.

'Hell Chef's' eyes narrowed dangerously. "Yes. *Why*?" He asked, his giant knife glinting in the light of Gregory's candle.

"You made a fine meal, and I want to give my compliments to the chef." The dragon said simply before taking another drink of the stew. Hell Chef paused at those words, his frown disappearing. "Perhaps the best stew I've ever tasted."

"If you say so…" Gregory muttered under his breath. He then cleared his throat. "Well, that's to be expected, I suppose. The stew stock is something of a…*house specialty*."

Spyro bit down on something hard, prompting him to spit it out onto the floor:

A single gold tooth.

"It's been simmering for a whole week, after all. Hmm hmm hmm hmm…"

"Heh heh heh heh…"

What Gregory did *not* expect was Spyro to start chuckling as well: a deep, guttural, reptilian chuckle, like the gurgling growl of an alligator. The dragon plucked the tooth off the ground and held it before his face, the shimmer of the gold reflecting in his draconian eyes.

"So, the fool denied the meal offered to him, and thus became the meal for the next guest." He stated simply, his voice shifting into its draconic thrum as he admired the glint of the gold. ***"Quite a fitting end, wouldn't you say?"***

"Indeed." Hell Chef said in agreement, looking as pleased as a demonic candle chef could.

"Would it be rude to ask for a second helping?" Spyro then asked, holding the bowl out to Gregory. Gregory, however, didn't answer; he was too busy stammering, trying to think of something to say to what he had just witnessed, looking upon the dragon like the monstrous beast he truly was.

"Y-Y-You are aware y-you're eating the r-remains of another soul bearer, r-r-right?" He stammered, no doubt in one last desperate attempt to turn the

situation in his favor.

Spyro, however, merely grinned, showing off all of his dagger-like teeth.

"And* you *are aware that I am a* dragon*, right?" he asked, eyes glowing in the dark.

"…Y-Y-Yes, o-of course." The poor old rat stuttered, wisely taking the bowl back with shaky paws. Spyro merely hummed in approval before stepping back, simply watching as both of his visitors left the room, one in a bigger hurry than the other. "I-I'll get you your seconds, m-my friend."

And with that, the door was closed once more.

Spyro scoffed, licking his chops to lap up the last bits of stew that clung to them. He flicked the golden tooth in the air before catching it in his paw, like one would flick a coin, and placed it on the reading desk.

This was going to be a fun little adventure.

A/N: The layout of Gregory House is based on the one from the video game Soul Collector. Use that as reference for this little series of mine.